

## FACETIÆ.

He was on his way from Leadville, Col. He had on a ragged old suit, a bad hat, and had been taking his meals many hours apart to make his money carry him through.

"Yes, I like the country out that way," he replied, in answer to a query. "The climate is good, the scenery is fine, and some of the people are honest as needs be. The trouble is knowing how to take bad ones." "I should think that would be easy." "Yes, it looks that way; but I had some experience. I am the original discoverer of the richest mine around Leadville. Yes, I am the very man, though you wouldn't think it to see these old clothes." "Then you don't own it now?" "Not a bit of it. I'll explain. I was poking around on the hills and found signs I collected some specimens for assay, staked off a claim and went off to the assayer's. It was two days before he let me know that I had struck the richest ore that he had ever assayed, and then I hurried back to my claim. Hang my buttons if I hadn't been jumped." "How?" Why, a gang of sharpers had found the spot, built up a pole shanty, and hung out a sign of First Baptist Church over the door. True as shooting, they had; and the law out there is that no man can sink a shaft within two hundred feet of a church building. They saw me coming, and when I got there they were holding a revival. There were six of them, and they got up one after another, and told how wicked they had been, and how sorry they were, and—would you believe it?—they had the cheek to ask me to lead in singing. I went to law, but they beat me. Three days after the verdict the First Baptist Church burned down, and before the ashes were cold the congregation were developing a mine worth \$3,000,000 you see I didn't know how to take them." "Was there any particular way to take them?" "You bet there was." I ought to have opened on that revival with a Winchester rifle, and given the coroner fifty dollars for a verdict that they came to their death from too much religion.